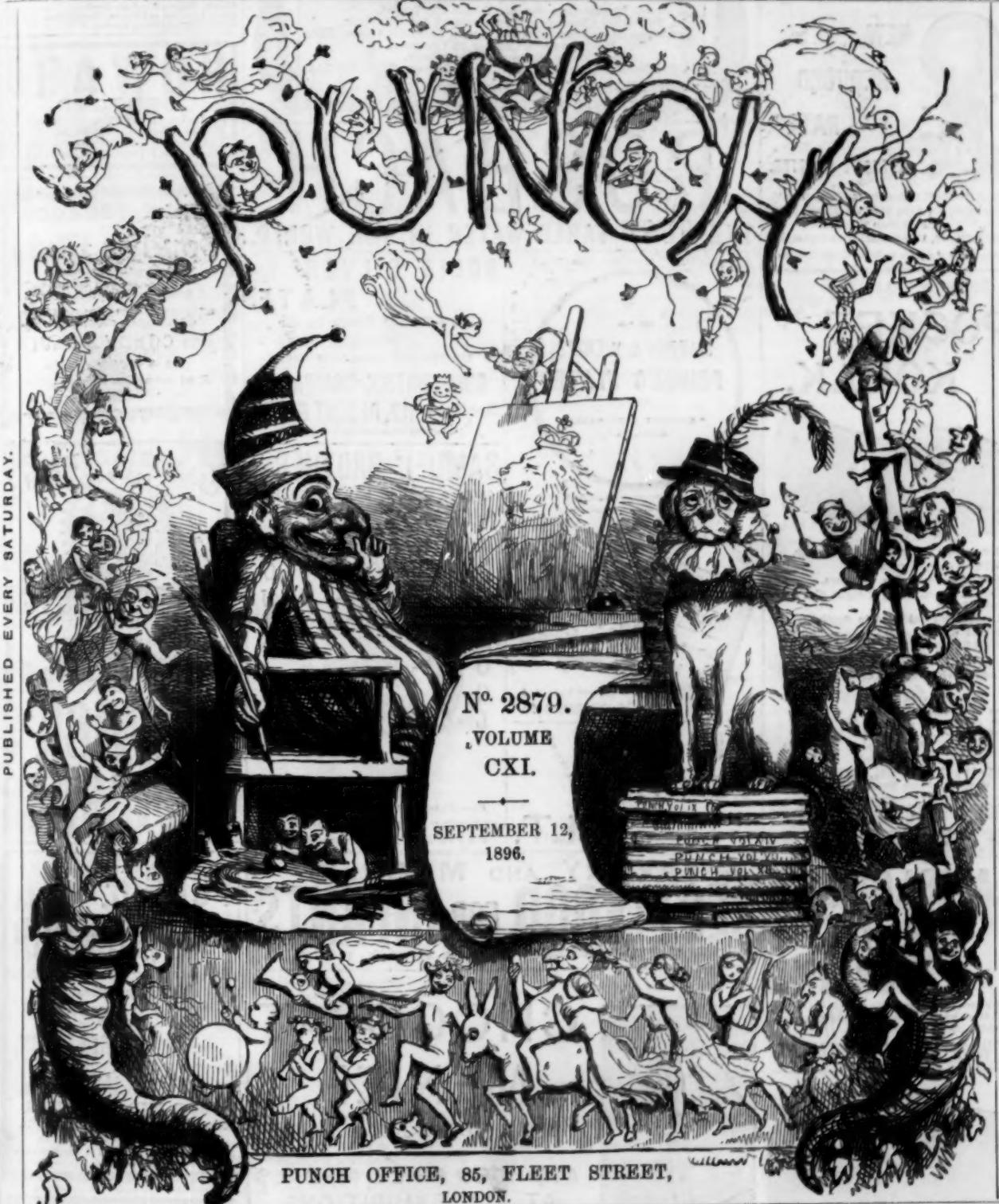


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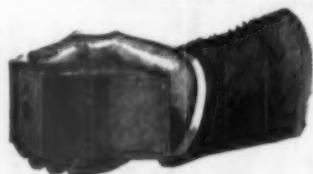
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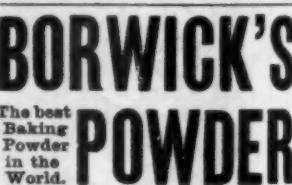
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## SUCCESS HAS A SOFTENING EFFECT.

*Bavius (who has at last achieved quite a decent literary position).* "DO YOU KNOW, I USED TO ASSERT THAT THE MERE FACT OF A BOOK'S REACHING A SALE OF 50,000 COPIES WAS ENOUGH, OF ITSELF, TO STAMP IT AS BEING AN UTTERLY VILE AND WORTHLESS PRODUCTION. SOMEHOW I NO LONGER FEEL QUITE SO CONVINCED UPON THAT POINT!"

*Mavius (who has at last produced a dramatic work which has already run a fortnight, and is even running still).* "PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT. ANYHOW, I MYSELF AM NO LONGER OF OPINION THAT A MAN IS NECESSARILY A GENIUS JUST BECAUSE HE HAS WRITTEN A PLAY THAT WAS HISSED OFF THE STAGE THE FIRST NIGHT!"

## ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

## STRAY NOTES ON WOMEN.

I WONDER that no philosopher has yet written a monograph on the meals of women. It is an important and a fascinating subject—important in its relation to food, fascinating in its relation to the female appetite. To any investigator who shall feel tempted to undertake it, I beg to offer the following notes as a sort of *mémoires pour servir*, the rough blocks, as it were, which he may afterwards hew into shape for the purpose of his edifice.

I TAKE it that ever since Eve eat the unpermitted apple between times, women have in every age displayed a liking for odd meals at odd hours. If by dint of scheming and good luck, a modern housewife has been able to get rid of the males of the household, her first impulse is to heave a sigh of relief at the blessed thought that there need be no dinners. She will take unto herself a female friend, and somewhere between six and seven o'clock in the evening, a tray will be brought in to them and will be placed, not on a solid dining-room table, but (and this is essential) on a rickety little side-table. The tray groans under a varied assortment of mixed eatables. There are sand-

wiches, butter, a cake, a fragmentary aspic from yesterday's dinner, two meringues and a half, some ginger-bread biscuits, a dish of strawberry-jam, three poached eggs, some chocolate creams, muffins, dry toast, and a saucer of mixed pickles. So much for the solid part. The liquid is composed of tea, cold water and cream, the last being generally taken separate. It would seem, in the nature of things, impossible that one fragile tray should bear all this load; but it does. Indeed, half the pleasure of the meal is that it should come in all at once on a single tray, and that its dislocated members should later on be gathered together from the four quarters of the room, replaced on the tray, and whisked away into oblivion at one fell swoop.

AND oh, with what a sense of comfortable abandon do the two feasters revel in this innocent orgie. There is no hateful formality, no impassive butler stands behind to chill the fervour of conversation, there are no dismal pauses, no taunts from rude men as to the quality of the food or the capacity of the cook. Everything is spread out in full view; you can have a spoonful here, a handful there; you can start with a chocolate cream, follow on with a poached egg and a slice of cake, and wind up with a meringue and a muffin. Glorious meal, and wondrous feminine digestion, to which nothing comes amiss! Men, in comparison, are the merest slaves of a cut and dried routine—apt to be thrown out of gear by the slightest departure from their wretched dietetic ordinances. Give me rather the free and untrammelled meals of a woman when she has been left to herself.

THE average woman, too, is a confirmed supper-eater. Supper is an irregular meal, and women are, therefore, devoted to suppers. Without the substantial support of women all the great supper-providing establishments of the metropolis would have been in the Bankruptcy Court long ago. At balls, after theatres and concerts, at home, or in restaurants—wherever the supper is there will the women be gathered together. Lobster, dressed crab, mayonnaise of salmon or chicken, soup in cups, cold cutlets, ortolans, all disappear as if by magic if only you call the meal supper and provide a reasonable number of lady-guests. If you called it dinner, and fixed it for a decently-digestive hour, the noblest efforts of the *chef* would be sent away untasted, or at most, picked at and dallied with.

AND so we come to picnics and afternoon tea. Now, with regard to afternoon tea, the discussion is a delicate one, for I understand that the great increase in the import of tea during recent years is due to the fact that man, proud man, who formerly used to drink a brandy and soda when he came home from work or play, now puts away his two cups of tea regularly. I am told, that if you offer a man spirits on his return from shooting, he will scout the suggestion and declare that tea is his drink. This may be so, and for the present, therefore, I pass by afternoon tea. But in the matter of picnics our withers are unwrung. Is there a man worthy of the name who dares to affirm that he likes a picnic? Who is it that proposes a picnic? Is it a man? Never. Picnics are merely another method of escape from regularity and comfort in meals, and it is to women that they owe such vogue as they have ever obtained. Who but a woman could ever have had a sufficiently vivid imagination to believe that there was pleasure in dumping your food down amidst stones and wasps and patches of grass, devouring it in ridiculous positions, and leaving a litter of paper to destroy the landscape? But it is a curious fact that there is about most organised picnics a ceremonious formality, which is rarely observable at meals served in the humdrum fashion on a table set on a floor under a ceiling and within four walls.

## Hands and Hearts.

"HANDS off, in South Africa!"—so says our JOE, Is our watchword in Afric, our Doctrine MONROE. The Dutchman, remembering some things that are gone, Might hint that our watchword was lately "Hands on!" May be, the best watchword at last will be found, That of TENNYSON's patriot song, "Hands all Round!" In which he expressed better patriot pride Than did his successor in "JAMESON's Ride."

## In an Hotel at Southsea.

*First Stranger (referring to third).* Your friend says that he owns a liquid gum.

*Second Stranger.* Naturally. Haven't you observed the way in which he sticks to his liquor?

## ODE TO THE BLACK PRINCE,

KUMAR SHRI RANJIT SINHJI, CHAMPION CRICKETER, 1896.  
(A Western Dithyrambic in an Eastern Style.)

PRINCE RANJIT he marched to the westward, from the borders of Bombay he came,  
To the banks of the Cam, and he collared the crown of the glorious game,  
The game which the GRACES and STODDARTS, the flannel-clad ones of the West,  
Declared of all masculine pastimes the proudest and noblest and best.  
In the cohort of century-pilars, the sphere-smiting GILBERT was king,  
But RANJIT the Run-Getter entered the lists; of his triumphs I sing.



THE BLACK PRINCE (OF CRICKETERS).

Though the poets from PRETAOUR to PETRARCH, from HOMER to AUSTIN would fail  
To picture in adequate tints this swart boss of the bat-ball-and-ball!  
His sire was a Jam in the East, and so is his son—real Jam!  
In the Raj-Kumar school in the East, or in Trinity College, by Cam,  
Upon coco-nut matting at home, or green turf at the Oval or Lord's,  
“RANJI” shaped like a cricketer sound, and there's scarcely a sight which affords  
More pleasure to judges of “form” than the sight of the slim, swarthy Prince,  
In batting as neat as a trivet, in fielding as sharp as a quince,  
Giving beans to the best British bowling, or stopping or sprinting like steam,  
Or making that lovely late cut, a serene thing of beauty, a dream  
Of delight, an ideal of art, with the charm of a perfect technique,  
Which a fellow who knows what is what at the wickets, could  
watch for a week!  
The public soon knew “Mr. SMITH,” and they yelled every time he appeared,  
And they gave him the nick-names crowds give to the cracks to their bosoms endeared,—

“Ramsgate JIMMY,” or “Rum-Gin-and-Whiskey”—more pat than polite, to a Prince,  
But the cricketing crowd by familiar facetiousness loves to evince  
Its rough but sincere hero-worship, as he the great Doctor doth know,  
Whom they love to acclaim as “the Old 'un,” and chaff when he bends for a “blow”  
After running a fiver—near fifty! But RANJIT the Run-Getter soon  
Began piling “centuries” quickly to a most remarkable tune,  
And having a cut at all records. Some toppers that way he's rubbed out.  
He's a-top of the Averages now, and he means getting higher, no doubt—  
If that's not a bull—Sussex' hope, and the pride of the Cam he appears,  
And when the Light Blues give that banquet, your lovers of big British cheers  
Will have every tympanum tickled by shouts for the “Black Bat,”—not night,  
As TENNYSON put it in *Maud*, and SIMS REEVES to a nation's delight,  
Hath flutly piped it so often. And faith! the “Black Bat” hath not flown,  
And all Britons hope well he won't do, for we love to think  
“RANJI” our own.  
An ode to him, then, unto whom we, this season, have owed such a lot!  
And when British bats fight for those “ashes,” and there are some signs of a “rot,”  
When we want someone brilliant and steady, hawk-eyed, lion-hearted, and cool,  
A blend of MACLAREN and GRACE, with the “stick” of the SHREWSBURY school,  
The sparkle of STODDART or WYNYARD, the patience of Surrey's brave Bob,  
May RANJIT the Black Prince of cricket, be with us, and “well on the job”!!

## THE TRAVELLING 'ARRY.

(From a Cynical Point of View.)

He leaves, on setting foot on the Continent, his normal toleration of the foreigner, and regards everyone and everything with undisguised contempt.

He declares that St. Peter's is inferior to St. Paul's, the British Museum superior to the Louvre, and Notre Dame not a patch on Westminster Abbey.

He appears to be recalling Waterloo every time he comes across a French soldier.

He never touches his hat to anyone, and drops “Monsieur” and “Madame” in spite of the custom of the country.

He appears on the boulevards in a pot hat, and ignores evening dress in places where *grande tenue* is *de rigueur*.

He laughs contemptuously at all he fails to understand, and never takes the trouble to comprehend anything.

He assumes that no one but an Englishman can drive, row, shoot, or engage in athletics.

If he travels in France he becomes aristocratic, and socialistic if he wanders in Germany.

He sees nothing in Venice, Florence, Dresden, or Berlin.

He yawns in the Vatican, and goes to sleep in the Paris Opera House.

He walks about everywhere as if the whole place belonged to him, and resents as an intrusion the presence of the original inhabitants.

He speaks his own tongue and no other, and expects everyone to understand him.

He bullies the waiters, and regards the hotel-keepers as brigands.

He never enters a shop without assuming that the persons behind the counter are banded to rob him.

He expects everyone to bow before him, and to make way for him.

He is bumptious and obstinate and stupid and inconsiderate, and then, after disporting himself as an overbearing bounder everywhere in foreign parts, he learns with surprise, on his return to his native land, that the Briton is the reverse of popular abroad.

MORRO FOR BRITISH CRICKETERS.—Strike only at the ball!



## THE DEPTH OF IGNORANCE.

*Dissatisfied Competitor (leaving the Ring at a Horse Show). "WHAT! CALL YOURSELVES JUDGES OF HORSES? WHY, YEE AIN'T FIT TO JUDGE BLOOMIN' BROKEN-DOWN BICYCLES!"*

## EN ÉCOSSE.

*À Monsieur Punch.*

DEAR MISTER,—I have spoken you of my departure from Calendar on the *breack*. Eh, well, he rained not of the whole of the whole—*du tout du tout!* *Il faisait un temps superbe*—he was making a superb time, the route was well agreeable, and the voyage lasted but two hours, and not twelve. What droll of idea! In scottish two is two, not twelve. I was so content to arrive so quick and without to be wetted that I gave the coacher a good to-drink—an *bon pourboire*—though before to start all the voyagers had paid him a “tipp,” that which he called a “driver’s fee.” Again what droll of idea! To give the to-drink before to start, and each one the same—six pennis.

My friend encountered me and conducted me to his house, where I have passed fifteen days, a sojourn of the most agreeables. And all the time almost not one sole drop of rain! *J'avais beau*—I had fine—to buy all my impermeable vestments, I carry them never. One sole umbrella suffices me, and I open him but two times. And yet one says that the Scotland is a rainy country. It is perhaps a season *tout à fait*—all to fact—exceptional. But fifteen days almost without rain! One would believe himself at the border of the Mediterranean, absolutely at the South.

And I have eaten of the “porridg,” me AUGUSTE! *Partout* I essay the dish of the country. I take at first a spoonful pure and simple. *Oh la, la!* My friend offers me of the cream. It is well. Also of the salt. *Quelle idée!* But no, before me I perceive a dish of *confiture*, that which the scottish call “marmaladde.” *A la bonne heure!* With some marmaladde, some cream, and much of sugar, I find that the “porridg” is enough well, for I taste him no more.

One day we make an ascension, and we see many grouses. Only we can not to shoot, for it is not yet the season of the huntings. It is but a hill that we mount. The name appears me to be french, but bad written. “*Ben Venue*,” that is to say, “*Bienvenu*”—*soyez le bienvenu*. She is one of the first of the scottish hills, and she says “welcome” in french. It is a

pretty idea, and a politeness very amiable towards my country. I salute the hospitable Scotland and I thank her. It is a great country, of brave men, of charming women—ah, I recall to myself some eyes so beautiful, some forms so attracting!—of vanishing landscapes, and, at that epoch there, of a climate so delicious. She has one sole and one great defect. The best scottish hotels cost very dear, and, my faith, the two or three that I visited are not great thing like comfortable—*ne sont pas grand’ chose comme comfortable!*

One day we make a little excursion on the Lake of Lomond. The lake is well beautiful, and the steamboat is excellent. But in one certain hotel, in descending from a *breack*, and before to embark, we take the “lunch.” We bargain not, we ask not even the price, we eat at the *table d'hôte* like all the world in Swiss, in France, even in Germany, when there is but one half hour before the departure of the train or of the boat. *Oh la, la!* I have eaten in the spanish hotels, on the steamboats of the Italian lakes, even in the *restaurants—mon Dieu!*—of the english railways, but never, never—*au grand jamais*—have I eaten a *déjeuner* like that! One dish I shall forget never; some exterior green leaves of lettuce, without oil or vinegar, which they called a “salad.” *Parbleu*—by blue! In all the history of the world there has been but one man who would have could to eat her with pleasure—NABUCHODONOSON! Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

## “Gentlemen v. Players.”

This title, given to a popular enough cricket match, may sound little “invidious” to the democratic spirit of to-day, more so, perhaps, than in the times of “Mr.” MYNN and FULLER PILCH. “Amateurs v. Professionals” would perhaps do equally well, and create less heart-burning in certain quarters. Mr. C. B. Fry, that admirable all-round athlete, says that “The so-called sham amateurism exists entirely in the imagination of the few discontented professionals, and in the mischief-making columns of certain negligible journals.” Mr. Punch trusts this is so, and Mr. Fry ought to know. Mr. Punch is inclined to believe that the “real enemies” of the glorious old game are the “Gentlemen” who are not (fair) players, and the “Players” who are not (true) gentlemen.



ILLUSTRATING THE TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MATTER.

(A Common Object on the Seashore.)

## DIS-CUSTED CITIZENS.

EVIDENTLY the National Portrait Gallery is not conducted on popular principles, judging by the following correspondence:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—On visiting the National Portrait Gallery this afternoon, I was astonished to find that there were no likenesses of such celebrities of the turf as CHIPNEY, ROBINSON, and other famous jockeys, though, to be sure, I noticed a picture of Lord DERBY. What is the Government about? Let the Sporting League take the question up without delay. Yours indignantly,  
WELLINGTON MORTAR.

*Epsom Chambers, W., September 2, 1896.*

Sir,—I have just been to the National Portrait Gallery, and am truly shocked to find that most of our bygone patriots are not represented. Where, for instance, is the inventor of the chimney-pot hat? Why do we not look upon the features of the Worcestershire nobleman, who first compounded the immortal sauce? To whose professional jealousy may I ascribe the absence of the lineaments of that philanthropist, who first brought out flaming fuses? Is Captain WHITE, of mixed pickle fame, not worthy of a place in the National Collection? Where is the subtle chemist, who originated soda-water, or that other, who perceived how happily the sparkling beverage blended with brandy and whiskey? Where is the deviser of the elastic brace, and where the gifted being who brought the Welsh rarebit and its brother, the "buck," into existence? Where—but there, Sir, my patience is exhausted, and so no doubt is your space. This is an age of ingratitude. Our true benefactors live after all, not by the brush of some wretched dauber, but in the continuity of their famous inventions. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

FREDERICK MANDOG.

*John Bull Club, September, 5, 1896.*

DEAR SIR.—Surely in the National Portrait Gallery there ought to be found some of those exquisite types of female loveliness which delighted an older generation? I have inherited from my revered great aunt, Lady SNIFLETON, a very valuable library of Books of Beauty and Elegant Annuals, profusely illustrated with the most ravishing representations of fair dames and damsels, whose bright eyes and sweet lips still smile as radiantly as of yore. I have not the distinguished honour of knowing Mr.

## A WORD WI' WALLACE.

(By an indignant Brither Scot, after reading a wild screed in disparagement of Robert Louis Stevenson.)

AIR—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

Scots, wha hear what WALLACE said,  
Scots, wham STEVENSON has led,  
Keepin' ye from cosy bed,  
Wi' his glorious minstreliae,

Now's the day and now's the hour!  
See the front o' WALLACE lour!  
But yon ROBERT has nae pow'r  
To wipe t'ither ROBERT's ee!

Who will play the traitor-knave?  
Wha, o'er ROBERT Louis' grave,  
Ca's him pharisaic slave?  
Pie, fause WALLACE! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's pride and a'  
Scotia's sword will strongly draw,  
And on this crank creetie fa'?  
Caledonian, on wi' me!

By Romance's golden gains,  
By sweet poesy's silver strains,  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
STEVENSON's fair fame to free!

Lay the unworthy WALLACE low!  
ROBERT LOUIS Scotland's foe?  
Then Ron BURNS and SCOTT were so!  
Degenerate WALLACE, mind your ee!

## Every Man to his Own Trade.

Ship-owner (joyfully, while reading newspaper). By Jove! the Belgian authorities have arrested BEN TILLETT and (sorrowfully) let him go again!

LIONEL CUST, but understanding that you are acquainted with everybody, I venture to suggest that you should ask him to purchase the volumes in question? Our being strangers one to another must alone prevent my calling upon you in person. I am, dear Sir, yours artistically,

MATILDA MIFFKINS.

*Strawberry Rest, Bath.*

HONORED SIR.—Wot's all this rot about a Nashional Portrit Galery? I've bin to see it. There's no JACK SHEPPARD, JONATHAN WILD, CLAUD DUVAL, DICK TURPIN, nor any sich anshient 'eroes, to say naught of miner crib crakers. Give me Madame TWOSWARDS and the Chamber of 'Orrors! Your obedient

JACK DOOKSON.

*e/o Potman, Bag of Brads, East.*

*x His Mark.*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE PLAY.—If you are tied to town in September, and yet yearn for the distractions of the continent, you cannot do better than visit the Avenue Theatre. There, to the strains of lively music, you may see the Casino overlooking Monaco, and the Isle of Malta, as viewed from the deck of a yacht, not entirely unsuggestive of *H.M.S. Pinafore*. You will find yourself in the midst of the most agreeable company, inclusive of the Misses LOTTIE VENNE, KATE CUTLER, and (thanks to the genuine "kindness of R. D'ÖYLEY CARTE, Esq.") EMMIE OWN. There will be Mr. ERIC LEWIS, too, who will introduce you to an unconventional wearer of the Victoria Cross, and Mr. E. W. GARDEN, who will suggest an equally original *garçon* at a restaurant. Then, after enjoying a couple of hours or so of unalloyed amusement, you will return home to Belgravia the Deserted, Brixton the Lonely, or Brompton the Gradually Awakening to Life, satisfied with the comforting reflection that you have passed a pleasant and consequently profitable evening at Monte Carlo without losing touch of the Thames Embankment.

"Cabby knows his Fair."

Middle-class Lady (who has just been driven to High Street, Kensington). What! Half-a-crown!

Cabby. I beg pardon, mum, but I understood yer to say yer was a-going to call at 'Olland 'Ouse.

*[Incident closed without further debate.]*

## THE PENDULUM OF WEALTH.

(A Forecast.)

CHAPTER III.—“Noblesse oblige!”

So the tableau was formed; the Duke trembling with anger, the Duchess with fear, and Mr. MACLAZARUS impassively defiant, when the door was flung open and PLANTAGNET entered, bearing a missive on a japanned tray.

“Pardon me, your Grace,” he panted, “but it’s a cablegram—no doubt from England.”

“Leave the room, Sir,” thundered the Duke; and the major-domo, after making a low obeisance, slunk from the apartment. Despite his wrath, the Duke was a gentleman.

“Excuse me,” he said to Mr. MACLAZARUS, before opening the envelope. The dealer bowed, and watched the Duke as he read the inclosure. His Grace’s eyes sparkled behind his *pince-nez*, his form grew more erect, and all trace of indignation vanished from his countenance. Without a word he handed the paper to the Duchess. On her, too, the message had evidently a pleasant effect, for a happy expression came over her face, and soft tears, evidently not caused by grief, made little canals amid the cosmetics on her cheeks.

“Thank Heaven!” she murmured, while Mr. MACLAZARUS wondered what the scene might mean. He had not long to wait for an explanation.

“Mr. MACLAZARUS,” said the Duke, in his grandest style, “I shall not sell my pictures, forgeries or otherwise.”

“As your Grace pleases,” acquiesced the financier.

“Your time is money,” continued the Duke, “therefore charge me for the same.”

Mr. MACLAZARUS bowed, inwardly resolving that the nobleman must certainly be distraught.

“This despatch,” the Duke went on, “is from my son, the Marquis of MANHATTAN; you may as well know its contents.” Then in a voice swelling with triumphant emotion, he read:—

“To the Duke of SARATOGA, Milwaukee House, New York.—Am engaged SERINA BROWN-SMITH, wealthiest heiress in Great Britain. Beautiful and charming lady aged twenty-three. Have explained our position. She agrees to settle one million pounds sterling on you for life, and two millions without conditions on myself. Total fortune, twelve millions. Expect you and mother attend wedding fixed for New Year’s Day St. Paul’s Cathedral. PRESIDENT gives away bride. Best love. Boom intelligence. MANHATTAN.”

“There, Sir, what do you think of that?” added the Duke, with a beaming smile.

“Je-hoshaphat!” was all that Mr. MACLAZARUS could ejaculate. Then recollecting himself, he said, “I sincerely congratulate your Graces.”

“Many thanks, my dear Sir,” said the Duke, well pleased with the effects which he had made. “You may communicate the information to the Press if you please, but be particular that the sums named are in pounds sterling, not dollars. Let the world know that the Duke of SARATOGA can accept as well as bestow.”

“That’s true,” said Mr. MACLAZARUS to himself, as he thought of the many ducal bills which had passed through his hands.

“Ah! your Grace,” he cried, with no feigned enthusiasm; “this is, indeed, a great day for America!”

“It is,” said the Duke, simply. “And now, Mr. MACLAZARUS, I pray you, leave us, for the Duchess and myself must instantly cable our blessing and good wishes to the hope of our house and his bride elect.”

As Mr. MACLAZARUS leapt into his luxuriously-appointed motor-car, he said, with a quiet chuckle, “So the pendulum is swinging back at last from the other side. I must look out for a British heiress myself. I guess there’ll be no infringement of the MONROE Doctrine in this new invasion of the United States.”

## A Jingo to Joe.

Stop this Dutch farce! KRUGER has scored.  
You yield to him a deal too much, man!  
The play I’d place on the Boer board  
Would be “The Flying Dutchman”!

## At Doncaster.

Timid Southerner (to pitman, who is trampling on his corns). I beg your pardon, Sir, but you are—er—walking on my boots.  
Pitman. Then, dang it, mon, why didst put thy foot under mine? I want to see t’ race, understand.  
[Southerner endures silent agony till the Leger is over.]



THE WONDERS OF NATURE.

(A Sketch near Dublin.)

## A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY LONG AFTER STERNE’S.

(A Romance for a “Ladies Only Compartment.”)

STERNE—Reserved Carriage on the London and Utopian Railway. Female Traveller in possession. Enter, suddenly, a Male Traveller.

Male Traveller. A thousand apologies! I really nearly missed my train, so was obliged to take refuge in this carriage. Trust I don’t intrude.

Fem. T. (after a pause). As you have no one to present you, I must ask “if you are any lady’s husband?”

Male T. (with a sigh). Alas, no! I am a wretched bachelor!

Fem. T. (dryly). That is nothing out of the common. I have been given to understand that all bachelors are miserable.

Male T. No doubt your husband agrees with the opinion?

Fem. T. (calmly). I have no experience. I am a spinster.

Male T. (smiling). Indeed! And you selected a ladies’ carriage?

Fem. T. (quickly). Because there was no room anywhere else.

Male T. Well, well! At the next station I can get into a smoking compartment.

Fem. T. Surely there is no need to take so much trouble.

Male T. Why! don’t you object to a cigar?

Fem. T. Not in the least. The fact is, I smoke myself!

[Red fire and tobacco.]

Male T. (after a pause). I have it on my conscience to make a correction. I said just now that I was not somebody’s husband.

Fem. T. (annoyed). Then you are married!

Male T. (with intention). Well, not yet. But if you like you can receive me as somebody’s betrothed.

Fem. T. (regardless of grammar). Who’s somebody?

Male T. (smiling). Think of your own name.

Fem. T. What next?

Male T. Why, give it to me; and if you like you shall have mine in exchange. (Train arrives at a station.)

Guard (without). All change! [And later on they do.]



Jack. "WHY DO THE CHURCHES ALWAYS BEGIN AT ELEVEN, GRANDPA?"  
Grandpapa. "AH—THE ELEVENTH HOUR, MY BOY!"

#### A SEISMICAL SHAME!

(By a "Human Boy.")

[It is reported that Juan Fernandez, *Robinson Crusoe's* island, has been entirely destroyed by an earthquake.]

Poor Island of *Robinson Crusoe*!  
How could e'en an earthquake treat you  
so?

Though earthquakes are shocking,  
And too fond of rocking,  
I'd not have believed one could do so!

Your earthquake is cocky and "sidey,"  
And apt to leave places—untidy,  
But one must be callous  
To scorn all that hallows  
The home of dear *Rob* and *Man Friday*!

#### Big Ben goes off Strike.

(By a Sleepless Dweller in Westminster.)

Big BEN has stayed his strident voice,  
His all too constant call!  
Big Ben is hushed! I say, rejoice!  
Big benefit for all!

#### Among the Turnips.

Host (to cockney solicitor). Hang it all,  
DEEDS, you oughtn't to shoot into the  
brown like that!

Deeds. Shoot into the brown! What  
are you talking about? I fired at the  
partridges, and I'll bet you drinks I  
wounded four!

#### BOUND TO THE WHEEL.

(A modern Torture happily unknown to poor Ixion.)

THE Member of an Ordinary London Club arrived at the pleasant country place to which he had been invited.

"Five o'clock tea going on?" he asked, as he divested himself of his travelling wraps.

"Well, no, Sir. You see, the young ladies—in fact, all the ladies—are cycling, and won't be back until the hour for dressing. But I daresay I can get you a cup if you want one."

Slightly depressed, the Member leisurely assumed the regulation dress suit for dinner, and made his way to the library. No one was there, but there was plenty of literature. The periodicals dealt, it is true, only with wheeling, but there were many of them. The books were locked up in their dust-covered shelves. However, there were a few volumes lying open. They were exclusively devoted to biking, in all its branches.

The time passed slowly, then came a rush of tyres, and the house party had returned to head-quarters.

In due course the hosts and visitors assembled. The Member received a hearty greeting.

"Ah, my dear fellow," cried the squire, cheerily, "you should have come down this morning. Such a splendid run! Went sixty miles without sustaining a puncture!"

The Member was at sea, and said so. Then the Squire discoursed upon the advantages and disadvantages of various makers. One was lighter than the other, and the third was easier to keep in order than the fourth, and so on.

The Member—in his own circle considered "an amusing rattle"—found himself nowhere. He was out of it, completely out of it. The ladies vanished after dinner, and the men were left to their coffee, liqueurs, and cigarettes.

"Next Session there may be question about the leadership," began the Member.

"Not at all," replied his host. "We are not likely to see the record broken yet awhile. But to return to to-day's run. I do not remember anything to equal it."

And they talked cycling until it was time to join the ladies. They kept up the subject until the appearance of the tray and glasses. They continued it in the smoking-room, in *négligé* jackets and slippers.

The Member had nought to say. And if he had had there would have been no one to listen to him. They talked cycling, and nothing but cycling, until the early hours of the morning.

"By jove," yawned the Member, as he put out the candle, "on my word, much as I hate hunting stories, I do really believe the chatter of the shires, half a century ago, must have been more interesting than nothing but wheeling."

And when the Member made this observation he voiced the opinion of most people who don't bike, and consequently are sane upon the subject of cycling.

MUSICAL.—MR. GLADSTONE declares that Yorkshire is pre-eminent for its bands. Mr. Punch cordially agrees with the right honourable gentleman, for he has never yet come across a "Tyke" who did not appreciate the power of "brass."



## THE MAN FOR THE JOB !

JACK TAR (*log.*), "A TERRIBLE TURK IS HE ! AND YOU DON'T CARE TO TACKLE HIM ! WELL, SIRS, JUST LEAVE HIM TO ME !"

[On seeing the blue-jackets the Armenians rushed to them for protection, which was readily given. . . . Urgent complaints were addressed to the British Government, when Mr. Harcourt replied that, given the same condition of things, English sailors would do again.—*Daily Pugger.*]



## SPORTIVE SONGS.

*An Old Beau turns over an Album of Portraits, and soliloquises.*

THE years, as HORACE says, glide by,  
And we change with the lapse of time;  
The months that made us laugh or cry,  
The weeks of prose, the days of rhyme.  
But, looking at this book to-night—  
"Twas filled some forty years ago—  
I feel an exquisite delight  
At meeting those I used to know.

In truth there has been such a change  
In each and ev'ry pretty face,  
That all of them are very strange,  
And seem of quite another race.  
Yet once they were the fairest flowers  
That ever social garden grew,  
To deck the fashionable bower  
Of those who held themselves The Few.

Can this be Lady ALDEGONDE,  
This syph with lilies on her brow?  
Of course she is *de par le monde*;  
How flesh and years oppress her now!  
And here is FANNY, Countess X.,  
Who held her sway at many a court.  
Poor thing! She joined the fleet of wrecks,  
And never brought her ship to port.

There smiles the Duchess! No one dared  
Dispute her right to lead the way.  
A Queen of Women, we declared.  
She's like a bag of bones to-day.  
Ah! Lady NINON, wondrous fair!  
For men a goddess to adore.  
You must be Time's especial care,  
For now you're only thirty-four!

A rosebud bevy next, of girls,  
Each in my being had a part;  
Mid ringlets, plaits, Madonnas, curls,  
I broke in pieces all my heart.  
For each a little bit. At last  
I found I had no heart to give;  
Yet, after such a holocaust,  
How was it that I dared to live?

Ah! this was why! That saintly face  
Made light, where all before was blind!  
My spirit felt the touch of grace  
That gave the unknown peace of mind!  
Sweet countenance! that ever shone  
With pure and beatific flame.  
Dearest— Good Gad, my memory's  
gone,  
I cannot recollect your name!

A CLOSE SHAVE.—By the casting vote  
of the Lord Mayor, the Manchester City



Council has decided not to take proceedings against Sunday barbers. Mr. Punch congratulates his Lordship and the knights of the razor. There's nothing like lather!

MUST BE NAUTICAL.—Mr. GOSCHEN, when not at the Admiralty, is usually at Seacox Heath, whence he still rules the ocean *cum dignitate*.

## DARBY JONES ON THE LEGER.

HONOURED SIR.—Once more I take up my pen to refer to a classic carnival, not with that ease, I confess, which distinguishes the Hon. FRANK LAWLEY, Mr. "HOTSPUR" GREENWOOD, and others of the *incognoscents*, but with a certain amount of confidence, inasmuch as I know that unhappily *St. Frusquin* can't possibly win. I had a modest fiver on him, at your expense; but let that rest



till we settle up my travelling expenses to Doncaster and back. Let me now give my muse a canter:—

If Royalty capture this classic event,  
There'll be cheer that you'd hear on the banks of the Trent.

But a bird, who ne'er perches upon a green tree,  
Whispers Something that's good for 1, 2, or 3.  
If a Derby with Leger could well be combined,  
This Something will leave many others behind.  
And don't you forget, if a mare's in the race,  
That the gentlemen may have to quail at her pace.

With this simple and straightforward enigma, I leave all noble sportsmen to return to their several castles, mansions, and parks, not forgetting the unpretentious cottage *orné*, laden with tons of Doncaster butter-scotch, or the means wherewithal to purchase the same. I regret to say, that although we are well into the partridge season, no boxes of the succulent flier of the moors have yet reached me from my numerous patrons. Possibly this fact accounts for several dinner-parties which I understand you gave recently, but to which entertainments you omitted to bid

Your faithful servant,  
DARBY JONES.

[We ought, perhaps, to mention that a basket, addressed to D. J., and labelled "Game—with care," did reach this office on or about August 14. In deference to the Sanitary Inspector we opened the hamper, and found that it contained what we took to be sweepings from Leadenhall Market. Perhaps Mr. JONES will kindly forward the sum of 5s. 4d. paid out for carriage?—ED.]

## ALL VERY FINE AND LARGE!

(A Straight Tip to Cutting Tobacconists.)

FINE-CUT tobaccos are all very fine,  
But fine-cut profits make trade decline.  
Honest small traders must fall at the  
charge  
Of profits too small in shops too large.  
Selling at cost-price, or at a loss,  
Reduces business to pitch-and-toss;  
And he is the CAIN among business  
brothers

Who seeks success in ruining others.  
Would-be monopolists, this is no joke,  
But—something to put in your pipes and  
smoke!

A DEER INSECT.—The stag-beetle.

## THE PULL OF THE POSTERS.

(An imaginary Sketch of what is not of necessity an impossibility.)

[The County Council have under consideration the advisability of letting out the hoardings put up to shield condemned dwelling-houses for advertising.—*Daily Paper.*]

"But I assure you that it is in excellent repair," urged the landlord.

"How can you say that?" calmly asked the official, pointing to a fractured pane of glass, "in the face of that broken window?"

"It can be mended. It can, indeed."

"And see that crack in the wall. That is fatal to its stability."

"I see no crack," observed the landlord, mournfully.

"Take my microscope, and the fissure will be clearly discernible." And the official handed the instrument that had been such a valuable auxiliary to the naked eye. After a careful inspection the two men resumed their glasses—the inspector his eye-glass and the inspected his *pince-nez*.

Then the landlord made a last appeal. He pointed out that the house was in better condition than many, than most of its fellows. Considering that it was at the apex of an angle of streets, it bore the attacks of the wind and storm wonderfully well.

"That is the worst of it," said the official. "You see, your house is so well situated. It can be seen for half a mile either way."

"But why is that an objection? If it were pulled down the hoarding would be up for months—possibly years."

"That has decided the question," responded the until-now wavering official. "Your tenement must come down."

The landlord bowed his head, and knew his house was doomed. He sorrowfully walked away.

"And now, Sir," said the official, turning to a cloaked figure, "I am in a position to deal with you. Nay, concealment is no longer necessary. You can relinquish your disguise."

Thus invited, the newcomer discarded



his mask and slouch hat, and went into figures about the value of advertisement stations, especially at street corners.

## Rhodesia Restored.

(By a Well-wisher to the East Africa Co.)

THE E. A. C.'s gold-grubbing craze  
Mischief, perchance, forbodes;  
But if they will but mend their ways,  
They may repair their RHODES.

Mrs. PHOSYLL writes to inquire why the papers state that "Home Railways are flat." She does not know of any mountainous line in England, though she has been, of course, up the *Righi*.



### THE WORM THAT TURNS-TOO MUCH.

*Angler.* "NOW THEN, SAUNDERS, HURRY UP WITH THAT ROD!"

*Gillie.* "BIDE A WEE, MASTER WULLIE, BIDE A WEE! EH-H! A NEVER KENT THE WUR-R-MS SAE WILD TO THE HOOK AS THEY ARE THE DAY!"

### THE INVESTOR'S GUARDIAN.

(Submitted for consideration during the Recess.)

*Question.* To whom does the originator of a company of limited liability at all times pay the greatest attention?

*Answer.* To the investor desirous of finding suitable employment for his money.

*Q.* Must an investor be a millionaire to suit the purposes of the promoter?

*A.* Not at all, for, in the establishment of a company, fifty one-pound shareholders are just as remunerative as ten five-pound shareholders.

*Q.* But how can the many learn the advantages of the institution the promoter desires to establish?

*A.* Through the valuable aid of advertisements in the Press.

*Q.* Do not *réclames* cost money?

*A.* They require either cash or credit.

*Q.* Is there not a mode of collecting the necessary capital without running any risk of failure?

*A.* Yes; by getting an already-established company to underwrite the shares.

*Q.* When the prospectus is launched, what further step becomes desirable?

*A.* It is considered by experts a good plan to give the new venture a hearty "send-off" by inviting chosen representatives of the Press to dinner.

*Q.* But how does this banquet affect the fortunes of the Isle of Sky and Golden Eldorado Copper Mines of Timbuctoo, Limited, or some corporation of a kindred nature?

*A.* It has the desired effect of suggesting to the chairman of the company that the promoter can command the services

of the journalist with the aid of a *menu* card.

*Q.* Is the title of the promoted company of the first importance?

*A.* Certainly; for the title is the hook (baited with the names of suitable directors) that is intended to catch the golden fish swimming in the direction of Capel Court.

*Q.* Describe a "suitable director."

*A.* A suitable director is a person with a title or a reputation, who does not mind advertising either or both at the head of a prospectus.

*Q.* After becoming a director, what does this suitable person do?

*A.* If he be wise, he will hold his tongue, receive his fees, and if he have any shares in the company, be ready at a moment's notice to unload.

*Q.* What is "unloading"?

*A.* The operation of giving up the old love for some later fancy. When it is *couleur de rose*, and shares are at a premium, then is the time to realize.

*Q.* When his cash has been paid, what should the promoter do?

*A.* Gracefully retire from his established venture, and promote something else.

*Q.* What is the customary fate of the company promoter?

*A.* A long run for his money, generally followed by an equally long run from his creditors.

### THE THREE C'S.

(By a Common Chap.)

"The teaching of cookery is perhaps the most practical form in which elementary schools contribute to the material welfare of the community."

*Daily News.*

AH! them "Three R's" is mighty fine,  
But if you're poor, and a bread-winner,  
You know the virtue—when you dine—  
Of sitting to a well-cooked dinner!

Planner-playin' we can shirk,  
Likeways recitin' potry passages;  
But when a cove comes 'ome from work,  
There's comfort in some 'ot fried sas-  
sages.

Then taters, too. Not arf bad tack,  
If the old hen knows 'ow to bile 'em,  
But then, yer see, that needs some knack,  
And 'eaps o' working women spile 'em.  
There's my old woman—bless her heart,  
She's a good sort—but a rank duffer  
At makin' of a rhubarb tart,

And so my teeth—and temper—suffer.  
Now, NELL, my gal, at the Board School  
'As larned a bit o' kitchen gumption;  
And though I rank as a old fool,

In who it might be thought persumption  
To give advice to them, my betters,  
Who says we must be educated,  
I say there's n'ore to larn than letters.

NELLY, as I've already stated,  
Can cook a chop or make a stew,  
Or fake cold scrapes to somethink tasty,  
Give tips to her old mother, too,

Who means well, but is awful wasty.  
We keeps no sarvent—reason why,  
It won't run to it in *our* station;  
But when young NELL made her fust pie,  
We felt the good of education.

And if the School Board wants to send  
Comfort to many a 'umble rookery,  
It's bound to play the poor man's friend  
By teaching of our gals Cheap Cookery.  
That makes two C's, and for the third,

Comfort is pooty sure to foller.  
And though perhaps it sounds absurd,  
For *Home* they beat the Three R's  
holler!



Clerk of Booking-Office. "THERE IS NO FIRST CLASS BY THIS TRAIN, SIR."  
 'Arry. "THEN WOT ARE WE GOING TER DO, BILL?"

### THE DEATH OF THE DANCE.

#### A TURVEYDROPIAN LAMENT.

"I had rather be old and teach deportment than be young and teach people to romp the barn-dance."—*A Speaker at the recent meeting of the British Association of Teachers of Dancing.*

Oh! what has become of deportment in dancing?  
 The dance of to-day is *no* dance, but a romp!  
 The once "light fantastic" is now heavy prancing,  
 Befitting a big Flanders horse, or *VAN TROMP*.  
 A Dutchman in knickers full primed with dull liquors,  
 Galumphing around in a heavy-heeled style,  
 Were as dear to the Muse as the clumsy high-kickers,  
 Whose antics might make e'en an elephant smile.  
 Terpsichore's rulings and *Turveydrop's* schoolings  
 Are wholly ignored in the balls of to-day.  
 Delicate footings would now be dubbed foolings;  
 All "steps" disappear—lounging languor's dull way!  
 To "walk through" a sluggish quadrille like a yokel,  
 Or kick up your heels in a vulgar barn-dance,  
 Seems the choice of automata limp and unvocal,  
 Spasmodic of limb, and despondent of glance.  
 Oh! where are the gallant old *beaus* plump and bloomy?  
 And where are the *belles*, with their prim pointed toes,  
 Who ambled with unction through halls high and roomy,  
 Arch-eyed, pink of cheek, and tip-tilted of nose?  
 It's really too shocking, this languorous mocking  
 Of old-fashioned elegance, vigour, and *verve*!  
 The generous glimpse of an open-worked stocking  
 Our youths seldom thrill with, and scarcely deserve.  
 What great house and Court meant to pooh-pooh deportment,  
 Punctilious step and elaborate bow;  
 To tolerate dawdlers in dreary assortment,  
 Who pose like pump-handles and dance—anyhow;

Why "pantaloons" natty and "pumps" prim and pointed  
 Give way to cylindrical "bags," who can tell?  
 A maunding mollusk, dejected, disjointed,  
 Our "dancing" young fellow, or drawing-room "swell."  
 What profits plump calf or trim, tightly-hosed ankle  
 If hid by cloth tube or full floor-sweeping skirt?  
 What profits *complaint*? Yet such horrors will rankle,  
 And *Turveydrop* tenderness terribly hurt.  
 Nay, *MENDELSSOHN's* "Roamer," as rendered by *FOLEY*,  
 Might well say "what profiteth arm, leg, or span,"  
 In square dance mechanic, or waltz melancholy,  
 Unless they be used, as of old, "like a man"?

### THOUGHTLESS MANAGERIAL CONDUCT—NO UNDER-STUDIES.

(See "Greenroom Rumours for September.")

"In consequence of the annual holiday of Mr. RUPERT SNAGGS, the Jocularity Theatre will be closed for the next six weeks."

"Madame KLARINSKA KORDOVA being under contract to supply herself with a three months' rest, the successful run of the charming opera *Tweedledee* and *Tweedledum* has been unavoidably interrupted. It will, however, probably be replaced on the boards in April next."

"Mr. GUSHINGTON JONES, the eminent comedian, has been the victim of a sad misunderstanding. It appears that this rising young histrion, during his recent visit to the United States (when his nightly income exceeded that of the Prime Minister), purchased an exceedingly fine grey mare of the true blue-grass blood. Unfortunately, some hitch has arisen in connection with the delivery of the animal in this country, and Mr. "Gush" (as he is affectionately termed by his colleagues) has been summoned across the Atlantic Ocean by cable. This naturally terminates the career (for the present) of the phenomenal musical comedy, *The Black Cockatoo*."



## **"DOING TIME."**

## LIFE IN A MOTOR-VILLA.

(*Being Pages from a very Modern Log-book.*)

*Monday.*—Capital idea that about motor-houses I heard the other day. Must invest in one at once. MARIA is charmed with the notion. Says she's too stout for cycling, and never gets change of air. . . . Just been to the agent's—most obliging man—showed us round his works, and gave us several trial runs. He has got quite a little village on wheels, from a family mansion, weighing 3,000 tons, with lodge and front drive complete, down to a delightful little six-roomed touring cottage, with creepers, verandah, mudguard, cow-catcher, and automatic brake—just the thing for a newly-married couple. However, we eventually decided on a stylish-looking, but solidly-built petroleum-fed villa, about 400 tons in weight, with pneumatic tyres and a small front garden for the children, guaranteed to go ten miles an hour against head winds, and insured against collisions and explosions. Took it on a three years' lease, and engaged an engineer on the spot, but mean to drive it myself as much as possible. Had it sent round to Oxford Street to-night. We shall have to embark early to-morrow morning as the whole street is on the move, and the rush of houses out of town is something tremendous just now. Have already christened it “Roly”—short for Petroleum Villa.

*Tuesday, 4 A.M.*—Roly was rather restive during the night, and wanted to start off on its own accord before daybreak, having had a double allowance of oil. I am sorry to say it tore up the lamp-post to which it was tethered, but was chased by a policeman and brought back safely. No other damage done, except a shop window stove in and a bit of our front garden chipped off. . . . We got away a little later than originally intended, owing to the cook having struck, saying she wasn't a-going to ride in a gipsy caravan. We finally arranged to double her wages. The nurse nearly fell overboard with the baby, but MARIA managed to stop her in time. Also TOMMY was lost at the last moment, but we found him at last, eating tarts in the engine-room, next to the kitchen. He was in a dreadful state, all over oil. Little MAUDIE was rather fractious at her strange surroundings, and her cries attracted the attention of the police, who requested us to move on. This we did about six o'clock, after taking in the milk. I myself drove, MARIA keeping a lookout from a bedroom window. I managed very well, with hints from the engineer, though I ran into the Marble Arch shortly after starting, which delayed us a bit. However, our abode held very well together, and we only dropped a chimney-pot and a window-sash. We had an exciting race with another villa going west, and were nearly being beaten, when

the latter, in trying to pass us on the wrong side of the road, fouled the Park railings and exploded. We then forged ahead, and turned south towards the river, oiling up at Putney Bridge. I began to find the amount of petroleum consumed rather heavy, having used up a large cisternful in the morning. Still, I found the motion pleasant, but the housemaid was rather seasick, and gave notice. GLADYS fell out of the nursery window, on to a passing cart, fortunately, so we recovered her without much trouble. We nearly stuck fast on the bridge, but managed eventually to squeeze through, though we upset the front gate and part of the garden walk into the river. Nothing further happened till we got to Barnes, where we anchored for the day. Our nerves were somewhat shaken, and we were rather glad of a stoppage. There were also some repairs to be done, and the engineer had to be discharged, as he said the machine required whisky. He rolled off the back yard, so I declined to take him aboard again. Shall run the show myself.

about again. Shall I run the show myself.

*Wednesday.*—Roly refused to budge this morning, and, unluckily, a local grocer threatened to sue us for obstructing his "ancient lights." We had stopped in front of his shop, I found. I pointed out that it was an excellent advertisement for him, but he would not listen to reason. We were in danger of getting mobbed, when somehow the apparatus started off automatically, and ran away with us in the direction of Wimbledon Common. Here we got off the tracks entirely, and, after a series of mishaps, landed in a gravel-pit. MARIA made some rather unkind remarks about my bad steering. I admitted I was only a beginner, but I pointed out that we were in a most "ortunate position (though undoubtedly somewhat badly bunkered), as gravel was now, so to speak, laid on, and we could execute some needful repairs on our front walk. The roof was slightly damaged by the fall, and showed signs of caving in, and the dining-room floor gave way, but otherwise Roly was as fit as ever. We decided to picnic for dinner among the furze-bushes, and bivouacked for the night outside, just as a change. No further incident occurred, and the villa was quite quiet throughout the night.

**Thursday.**—I spent the best part of the day trying to get our abode out of the gravel-pit. We effected it at last, with the aid of six steam-cranes, only to find that both our hind wheels were punctured. This caused further delay, and we had almost to turn Roly upside down. MARIA was considerably upset, and GLADYS rolled down the stairs and landed in the gorse. We got under way at last, but did not go far, as we stopped at Rayne's Park to pay a call. Our friend was delighted at seeing we had brought the whole establishment round. She said the mountain was going to Mahomet, after all. Whether the villa was trying to show off or not I don't know, but we finished the evening by demolishing Mrs. E.'s front hedge, and generally damaging the landscape.

**Friday.**—An off-day—that is to say, we were off, and lost our way completely. A fog came on—most unusual in August—and we ran over an old woman, though only going half-speed and blowing foghorns all the time. After that we have to.

*Saturday.*—Our at-home day, but no callers, as our friends had apparently been unable to catch us up. The postman also had failed to discover our whereabouts. After waiting till past tea-time we made a move for Sutton, and soon set off at a brisk pace. We passed a good many other motor-villas, detached and semi-detached (or tandem), going along the Brighton road for the week-end. MARIA thought she would like to drive for a change, while I steered from the front gate. I successfully eluded two tax-collectors and a gas-man, and knocked one or two writers down. We met the Dr SNOOKS in their auto-bungalow going from Morden to Mitcham, but they were pursuing such an erratic course that we had to back into a hedge to let them pass. Several large boarding-houses and a family hotel overtook us, cutting up the roadway frightfully. They ought not to be allowed to go more than ten miles an hour. Near Benhilton, Roly jibbed rather at a dog-cart, horses being such a strange survival in these days. At last MARIA put on a spurt, and automated in fine style up Sutton High Street. Unluckily, on nearing the top, the gradient proved too strong for our tonnage, and our wheels began to go round the wrong way. We rapidly descended the hill, back yard first. We charged the church, tore up the pavement, cannoned into a public-house, leaving our night-nursery behind. MARIA then quite lost her head, while the steering apparatus got beyond my control. With a superhuman effort, however, I managed to direct Roly at the gasworks, which blew up on the impact, severely shaking the baby. We then came to a standstill, and were taken in charge by the local policeman for furious motoring. On the whole, we have had quite an exciting little expedition, and shall not be averse to a Sunday rest.

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